

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* You spie, what doe you spie? come, giue me an Instrument now sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Why this is kindly done?

*Pan.* My Neece is horrible in loue with a thing you haue sweete Queene.

*Hel.* She shall haue it my Lord, if it be not my Lord *Paris*.

*Pan.* Hee? no, theese none of him; they two are twaine.

*Hel.* Falling in after falling out, may make them three.

*Pan.* Come, come, Ile heare no more of this, Ile sing you a song now.

*Hel.* I, I, prethee now: by my troth sweet Lord thou hast a fine fore-head.

*Pan.* I you may, you may.

*Hel.* Let thy song be loue: this loue will vndoe vs al. Oh *Cupid, Cupid, Cupid*.

*Pan.* Loue? I that it shall ysaith.

*Par.* I good now loue, loue, no thing but loue.

*Pan.* In good troth it begins so.

*Loue, loue, nothing but loue, still more:*

*For O loues Bow,*

*Shootes Backe and Doe:*

*The Shaft confounds not that it wounds,*

*But tickles still the sore:*

*These Louers cry, oh ho they dye;*

*Yet that which seems the wound to kill,*

*Doth turne oh ho, to ha ha he:*

*So dying loue lues still,*

*O ho a while, but ha ha ha;*

*O ho gromes out for ha ha ha---hey ho.*

*Hel.* In loue ysaith to the very tip of the nose.

*Par.* He eates nothing but doues loue, and that breeds hot blood, and hot blood begets hot thoughts, and hot thoughts beget hot deedes, and hot deedes is loue.

*Pan.* Is this the generation of loue? Hot blood, hot thoughts, and hot deedes, why they are Vipers, is Loue a generation of Vipers?

Sweete Lord whose asfield to day?

*Par.* *Heitor, Deiphobus, Helenus, Antenor*, and all the gallantry of *Troy*. I would faine haue arm'd to day, but my *Nell* would not haue it so.

How chance my brother *Troilus* went not?

*Hel.* He hangs the lippe at something; you know all Lord *Pandarus*?

*Pan.* Not I honey sweete Queene: I long to heare how they sped to day:

Youle remember your brothers excuse?

*Par.* To a hayre.

*Pan.* Farewell sweete Queene.

*Hel.* Commend me to your Neece.

*Pan.* I will sweete Queene. *So and a retreat.*

*Par.* They're come from field: let vs to *Prisms* Hall To greete the Warriors. Sweet *Hellen*, I must wooe you, To helpe vname our *Heitor*: his stubborne Buckles, With these your white enchanting fingers touchs, Shall more obey then to the edge of Steele, Or force of Greekish sinewes: you shall doe more Then all the Hand Kings, disarm great *Heitor*.

*Hel.* 'Twill make vs proud to be his seruant *Paris*:

Yea what he shall receiue of vs in duetie,

Giues vs more palme in beautie then we haue:

Yea ouer shines our selfe.

Sweete about thought I loue thee.

*Enter Pandarus and Troilus Man.*

*Pan.* How now, where's thy Maister, at my Couzen *Cressida*?

*Man.* No fir, he staves for you to conduct him thither. *Enter Troilus.*

*Pan.* O here he comes: How now, how now?

*Troy.* Sirra walke off.

*Pan.* Haue you seene my Cousin?

*Troy.* No *Pandarus*: I stalke about her doore

Like a strange soule vpon the Stigian bankes

Staying for waftage. O be thou my *Charon*,

And giue me swift transportance to those fields,

Where I may wallow in the Lilly beds

Propos'd for the deseruer. O gentle *Pandarus*,

From *Cupids* shoulder plucke his painted wings,

And flye with me to *Cressid*.

*Pan.* Walke here ith' Orchard, Ile bring her straight. *Exit Pandarus.*

*Troy.* I am giddy; expectation whirles me round,

Th'imaginary relish is so sweete,

That it inchantis my sence: what will it be

When that the watry pallats taste indeede

Loues thrice repured Nectar? Death I feare me

Sounding distrustion, or some ioy too fine,

Too subtile, potent, and too sharpe in sweetnesse,

For the capacite of my ruder powers;

I feare it much, and I doe feare besides,

That I shall loofe distinction in my ioyes,

As doth a battaile, when they charge on heapes

The enemy flying. *Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* Shee's making her ready, sheele come straight; you

must be witty now, shee does so blush, & fetches her winde

so short, as if she were fraid with a sprite: Ile fetch her; it

is the prettiest villaine, she fetches her breath so short as a

new tane Sparrow. *Exit Pand.*

*Troy.* Euen such a passion doth embrace my bosome:

My heart beates thicker then a feauerous pulse,

And all my powers doe their bestowing loose,

Like vassalage at vnawares encountering

The eye of Maistie.

*Enter Pandarus and Cressida.*

*Pan.* Come, come, what neede you blush?

Shames a babie; here she is now, sweare the oathes now

to her, that you haue sworne to me. What are you gone a-

gaine, you must be watcht ere you be made tame, must

you? come your wayes, come your wayes, and you draw

backward weele put you ith' his; why doe you not speak

to her? Come draw this curtaine, & let's see your picture.

Alasse the day, how loath you are to offend day light; and

'twere darke you'd close sooner: So, so, rub on, and kisse

the mistresse; how now, a kisse in fee-farme? build there

Carpenter, the ayre is sweete. Nay, you shall fight your

hearts out ere I part you. The Faulcon, as the Tercell, for

all the Ducks ith' Riuer: go too, go too.

*Troy.* You haue bereft me of all words Lady.

*Pan.* Words pay no debts; giue her deedes: but sheele

beraue you 'oth' deedes too, if shee call your activity in

question: what billing againe? here's in witnesse where-

of the Parties interchangeably. Come in, come in, Ile go

get a fire?

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Troy.* O *Cressida*, how often haue I wisht me thus?

*Cres.* Wisht my Lord? the gods grant? O my Lord,

*Troy.* What should they grant? what makes this pre-

ty abruption: what too curious dreg espies my sweete La-

dy in the fountaine of our loue?

*Cres.* More

*Troilus and Cressida.*

*Cres.* More dregs then water, if my teares haue eyes.

*Troy.* Feares make diuels of Cherubins, they neuer see

truely.

*Cres.* Blinde feare, that seeing reason leads, findes safe

footing, then blinde reason, stumbling without feare: to

feare the worst, oft cures the worst.

*Troy.* Oh let my Lady apprehend no feare,

In all *Cupids* Pageant there is presented no monster.

*Cres.* Not nothing monstrous neither?

*Troy.* Nothing but our vnder takings, when we vowe

to weepe seas, lue in fire, eate rockes, tame Tygers; think-

ing it harder for our Mistresse to deuise imposition

inough, then for vs to vndergoe any difficultie imposed.

This is the monstrousie in loue Lady, that the will is in-

finite, and the execution confin'd; that the desire is bound-

lesse, and the act a slave to limit.

*Cres.* They say all Louers sweare more performance

then they are able, and yet reserue an ability that they

neuer performe: vowing more then the perfection of ten;

and discharging lesse then the tenth part of one. They

that haue the voyce of Lyons, and the act of Hares: are

they not Monsters?

*Troy.* Are there such? such are not we: Praise vs as we

are talst, allow vs as we proue: our head shall goe bare

till merit crowne it: no perfection in reuerfion shall haue

a praise in present: wee will not name desert before his

birth, and being borne his addition shall be humble: few

words to faire faith. *Troilus* shall be such to *Cressid*, as

what enuie can say worst, shall be a mocke for his truth;

and what truth can speake truest, not truer then *Troy-*

*lus*.

*Cres.* Will you walke in my Lord?

*Enter Pandarus.*

*Pan.* What blushing still? haue you not done talking

yet?

*Cres.* Well Vnckle, what folly I commit, I dedicate

to you.

*Pan.* I thanke you for that: if my Lord get a Boy of

you, youle giue him me: be true to my Lord, if he flinch,

chide me for it.

*Troy.* You know now your hostages: your Vnckles word

and my firme faith.

*Pan.* Nay, Ile giue my word for her too: our kindred

though they be long ere they are wooed, they are con-

stant being wonne: they are Burres I can tell you, they'le

sticke where they are throwne.

*Cres.* Boldnesse comes to mee now, and brings mee

heart: Prince *Troilus*, I haue lou'd you night and day, for

many weary moneths.

*Troy.* Why was my *Cressid* then so hard to win?

*Cres.* Hard to seeme won: but I was won my Lord

With the first glance; that euer pardon me,

If I confesse much you will play the tyrant:

I loue you now, but not till now so much

But I might maister it; in faith I lye:

My thoughts were like vnbridled children grow

Too head-strong for their mother: see we fooles,

Why haue I blab'd: who shall be true to vs

When we are so vnsecrete to our selues?

But though I lou'd you well, I woo'd you not,

And yet good faith I wisht my selfe a man;

Or that we women had mens priuledge

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speake

The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence

Commings in dumbnesse, from my weaknesse draws

My soule of counsell from me. Stop my mouth.

*Troy.* And shall, albeit sweete Musicke issues thence.

*Pan.* Pretty ysaith.

*Cres.* My Lord, I doe beseech you pardon me,

'Twas not my purpose thus to beg a kisse:

I am asham'd; O Heauens, what haue I done?

For this time will I take my leaue my Lord.

*Troy.* Your leaue sweete *Cressid*?

*Pan.* Leauie: and you take leaue till to morrow mor-

ning.

*Cres.* Pray you content you.

*Troy.* What offends you Lady?

*Cres.* Sir, mine owne company.

*Troy.* You cannot shun your selfe.

*Cres.* Let me goe and try:

I haue a kinde of selfe recides with you:

But an vnkinde selfe, that it selfe will leaue,

To be anothers foole. Where is my wit?

I would be gone: I speake I know not what.

*Troy.* Well know they what they speake, that speakes

so wisely.

*Cres.* Perchance my Lord, I shew more craft then loue,

And fell so roundly to a large confession,

To Angle for your thoughts: but you are wise,

Or else you loue not: for to be wise and loue,

Exceedes mans might, that dwels with gods aboute.

*Troy.* O that I thought it could be in a woman:

As if it can, I will presume in you,

To feede for aye her lampe and flames of loue.

To keepe her constancie in plight and youth,

Out-living beauries outward, with a minde

That doth renew swifter then blood decaies:

Or that perswasion could but thus conuince me,

That my integritie and truth to you,

Might be affronted with the match and waight

Of such a winnowed puritie in loue:

How were I then vp-listed! but alas,

I am as true, as truths simplicitie,

And simpler then the infancie of truth.

*Cres.* In that Ile warre with you.

*Troy.* O vertuous fight,

When right with right wars who shall be most right:

True swaines in loue, shall in the world to come

Approoue their truths by *Troilus*, when their times,

Full of protest, of oath and big compare;

Wants similes, truth tir'd with iteration,

As true as Steele, as plantage to the Moone:

As Suone to day: as Turtle to her mate:

As Iron to Adamant: as Earth to th'Center:

Yet after all comparisons of truth,

(As truths authenticke author to be cited)

As true as *Troilus*, shall crowne vp the Verse,

And sanctifie the numbers.

*Cres.* Prophet may you be:

If I be false, or swerue a haire from truth,

When time is old and hath forgot it selfe:

When water drops haue worne the Stones of *Troy*;

And blinde oblivion swallow'd Cities vp;

And mightie States characterlesse are grated

To dustie nothing; yet let memory,

From false to false, among false Maids in loue,

Or that we women had mens priuledge

Of speaking first. Sweet, bid me hold my tongue,

For in this rapture I shall surely speake

The thing I shall repent: see, see, your silence